

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Pet. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,

A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knacke, a toy, a trick, a babies cap:

Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,

And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,

Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,

And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,

And rather then it shall, I will be free,

Euen to the vttermoost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,

A custard coffen, a bauble, a filken pie,

I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,

And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.

Oh mercie God, what masking stufte is heere?

Whats this? a sleue? 'tis like demi cannon,

What, vp and downe car'd like an apple Tart?

Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and flish and flash,

Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:

Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. I see thees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,

According to the fashion, and the time,

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembered,

I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,

For you shall hop without my custome sir:

Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She saies your Worship meanes to make a

puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:

Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,

Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, nail,

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:

Brau'd in mine owne house with a skoine of thred:

Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt thinke on prating whilst thou liu'st:

I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tai. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made

Iust as my master had direction:

Gremio gaue order how it should be done.

Grem. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufte.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grem. Marrie sir with needle and thred.

Tai. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Grem. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I haue.

Grem. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men
braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say
vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tai. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Reade it.

Grem. The note lies in's throte if he say I said so.

Tai. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Grem. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-

to me of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Grem. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunkie sleue.

Grem. I confesse two sleues.

Tai. The sleues curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Grem. Error it's bill sir, error it's bill? I commanded
the sleues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
that he proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-

med in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
where thou shouldst know it.

Grem. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Gremio*, then hee shall haue no
oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Grem. You are it's right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vs.

Grem. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse
gowne for thy masters vs.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grem. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vs.

Oh ye, ye, ye.

Pet. *Horatio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid:

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,

Take no vnkindnesse of his hasty words:

Away say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,

Euen in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darke clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the Iay more precious then the Lark?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,

Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,

And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,

There wil we mount, and thither walke on foot,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are still crossing it, sir, let's alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me.

Tra. Neere twentie yeares agoe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,

Tis well, and hold your owne in any case

With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,

Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra Biondello,

Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,

And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

Here comes Baptista: set your countenance sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted
and bare headed.*

Tra. Signior Baptista you are happilie met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Luc. *Bianca* for my parrimony.

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*

Madame acquainted with a waighy cause

Of loue betwene your daughter and himselfe:

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him: to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like

No worse then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

And therefore if you say no more then this,

That like a Father you will deale with him,

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done,

Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best

We be affied and such assurance tane,

As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know

Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,

Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,

And happilie we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you

There doth my father lie: and there this night

Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:

Send for your daughter by your seruant here,

My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,

The worst is this that at so slender warning,

You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:

Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie

straight:

And if you will tell what hath hapned,

Lucentio's Father is arriued in *Padua*,

And how she's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,

We come, one melle is like to be your cheere,

Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you. *Exit.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou Biondello.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon

you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde

to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-

kens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the

deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the

supper.

Luc. And then.

Bio. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your

command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a

counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum*

preuilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the

Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,

But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou Biondello.

Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an

afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parsley to

stufte a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my

Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid

the Priest be readie to come against you come with your

appendix. *Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:

It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our

fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone,

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight